



THE FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

What parrots people are! It didn't actually rain yesterday. It was cloudy and cold and sour and gloomy; a depressing day to me; an impossible day for the haymakers; a discouraging day for the corn and oats; a blighting, rutting day to the potatoes. Even the dicky birds, sat huddled up in the trees and fairly radiated discouragement. I didn't hear so much as a "cheek-wink" all day.

But at least one-half of my customers came out to the truck with a perfunctory "Pleasant day, isn't it?"

I thought the first one was joking. But she wasn't. The second one I tried to wake up by a counter-joke of my own. But she took it as the duck's back takes water; it slid right off, and she never noticed that I was attempting the jocular. The third time I just grinned and said "Emph" or "Huh" or something equally appropriate and illogical.

What I've spoke they mean, anyway? To be sure, it wasn't raining, and that was a more or less agreeable change from the preceding three days of drizzle and drizzle. But while the duck's back takes water, a little better than the fire, I can't imagine anyone really classing it as a "pleasant" abiding place. No; I had to come back finally to the conclusion that it was just meaningless purring gabble without any special idea of its significance, solely to break the silence. As the first old regular gossip once said, when asked for talking so much nonsense: "Why, one has got to say something!"

I don't know what sort of weather all my readers on all the farms of The Bulletin's bulletin have been enduring this season. But up in my neck o' woods it has been something unusual. We've all heard of the confirmed optimist who declared that there never had been and never could be any "bad" weather. All

he would admit was that there were different kinds of "good" weather. I wish he had been trying to raise vegetables in my garden since last April, or trying to "hay it" since last Monday!

I should really like to hear him enlarge on his text a little after his experience.

If I were a frog probably it would have seemed quite jolly to me. And it is not unlikely that the angleworms have found earth burrowing unusually easy. It has also done wonders for quack-grass and pussey and pigweed.

Earlier in the week I thought the continued wet and cold was going to help the pastures anyway, till the shortening up of my cow's milk-lead to a closer investigation. Then I discovered that, instead of stimulating the growth of pasture grasses, it had nurtured a simply phenomenal eruption of wild thyme, dog-daisies and wild carrots, which were rotting luxuriantly and actually smothering out the useful and nutritious forage.

Not a single one of my crops is up to the average. Green peas have done the best of any, but they were three weeks late. Asparagus was the poorest yield in twenty years; spinach went to seed before it had time to make leaves; lettuce ran up to stalks before it would head; string beans waited till after their usual bearing time before deciding to blossom; sweet corn just stood still in sheer desperation, waiting vainly for a bit of sun and warmth to set it growing; early potatoes found their hills of mud no place to develop tubers in; cucumbers and melons and squashes, marked time without advancing, and so on and so on, ad nauseam.

Even the hay crop, which seemed to promise better than usual, turned out a deceiving sham—all stalks and no bottom, and I don't know of a load being hauled in my neighborhood until it had been

rained on from one to eleven times after cutting.

It's been the sort of season which plays tricks and drunks with all one's theories and most of one's experiences. I don't know what the rules gauge have to report, nor do I care. One doesn't have to look at the weather bureau's report to know whether the sun has risen or not. Nor does a working farmer have to rely on rain gauges to tell him when he is soaked to the skin and his soil kept poachy-mud for weeks on end. Never before in my time, has there been such an excess of sloop and such a lack of summer warmth on my half acre. Such semi-tropical garden crops as tomatoes and Lima beans show it most plainly. They are simply sick—sick for sunlight and heat which they are not getting in even wanted measure.

We are saving some remnants and dribbles, such as escape the worst of it. But all the rules of the game have had to be abandoned. There are no rules any more this year. Some things go by contraries and some by default. Everything has to be done on the jump and without semblance of orderly procedure. It is catch-as-catch-can, with double the usual amount of work for each operation, and much less than the usual return.

Everything must be done when it can be, almost never when or as it should be. Only once have we had a week of real summery temperature. And the whole vegetable world having been started with its roots in the mud and the top inch of soil soaking with water, that week, which dried out the top inch, did almost as much damage as a month of July drought would have done in an ordinary season. According to theory, one can combat a drought by keeping the cultivators going so as to create a "dust mulch" on the surface, thereby conserving the moisture lower down. But when all the roots of all your plants are in that top inch, inclined to stay there by the plentiful soaking, it has had, the drier the mulch you make of that said top inch, the worse off are the poor roots. We soon found that didn't work at all, at all.

In fact, I can't think of any theory of farming which has been worth drawing to this season. They've all had to be flung into the discard. There hasn't been a trump among them. Instead of looking over the crops of a bright summer morning and saying: "Well, what's the right thing to do today?" we've waded out through the wet grass and sticky mud, squinted at the doubtful sky, peered at the suffering plants, wandered back to seek vainly for information from the wobbly barometer and the jiggly weather glass, and then said in desperation: "What in thunder can we do that will be of any use?"

Whatever was the conclusion, it didn't amount to much, for the rain was practically certain to drive us in before noon. Frog farming is the only sort I ever heard of which can be conducted in the

water in this latitude. And that is not in my line.

Being a rather practical minded old hayseed myself, I have wondered much, while standing in the barn door watching the rain come live where really, truly "scientific farming" would come in, such a time. The more I think about it, the more fixed I become in my conviction that there is no such thing as a "science of agriculture."

A famous scientist once put a great truth in a homely form when he remarked that astronomers could calculate the orbits of Jupiter and Polaris, but no human being could ever calculate the orbit of a fly. See the point?

Science can deduce "laws" which govern the movements of reasonably regular occurrences. But what science thus far developed can calculate the conduct of bugs and bacteria, of droughts and deluges? These probably is a "law" which governs them, but nobody has even yet got near enough to it to sprinkle salt on its tail. So far as we are concerned in practical farm working, there is apparently no more sequence or system in such matters than in the senseless flight of a fly.

None of us any longer attempt to tell what the fly is going to do next. We wait till it lights and then "swat" it, if we can. But we can't "swat" the meteorology of the universe, even when it lights on us with forty million fly power.

There is an art of farming. See dictionary for difference between "art" and "science." It would take a mighty smart man about thirteen ordinary human lives to learn that art alone. And general science may and often does enable us to turn new lights on farming problems. We are doing it in an ordinary way. According to theory, one can combat a drought by keeping the cultivators going so as to create a "dust mulch" on the surface, thereby conserving the moisture lower down. But when all the roots of all your plants are in that top inch, inclined to stay there by the plentiful soaking, it has had, the drier the mulch you make of that said top inch, the worse off are the poor roots. We soon found that didn't work at all, at all.

It's as art, as has been said, it must be learned by the student of books, partly from teachers, partly from books, but chiefly from practice. No artist or artisan, learning art or trade, will disdain or refuse the help of teachers or books, or ignore old established rules, at least during his apprenticeship. Nor can the farmer afford to.

But if he tries himself up to such things and attempts to omit himself by them, if he tries to formulate the unknown or map out the undiscovered, he is inviting trouble. He might as well try to grade motor highway over a forkank or predict the orbit of that beforementioned fly. It is barely possible that, in some future of vastly increased knowledge, some superman by the aid of comic sections and differential calculus and various other mathematical profundities may be able to predict before-hand where the fly will light and how it'll get there.

But at present it can't be did. Similarly, it is barely possible that some future superman may sometime develop the art of predicting elements at hand a real science of farming. But thus far it hasn't been done.

Farming under existing conditions is something of an art, something of a gamble, something of a fishing trip, and an unlimited amount of dust, mud and perspiration.

THE FARMER.

WAUREGAN

Rev. William Fryling with his family will take the month of August for a vacation, spending the time at Atlantic Beach, R. I.

Mrs. Austin Copperthwaite and children of Watertown, Conn., are visiting with Mrs. Copperthwaite's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Atwood.

Mrs. Robert Bell is organist at the church while Miss Gardner is absent.

Mrs. E. B. Kingsbury of Elizabeth, N. J., is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. A. Wood.

Mr. Kirby spent the week end with Norwich friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Maynard are moving into the house recently bought by Mrs. Thomas Hughes.

Miss Dorothy Welles of North Scituate, R. I., is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Fred Kies.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wignall are entertaining Mrs. Thomas Kirkham, Miss Lotie Kirkham and Miss Elizabeth Sparling of New Bedford, Mass.

Miss Jennie Raymond is visiting in Canada for July.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery are entertaining Mr. Avery's grandfather and his housekeeper of Whitmanville, Mass.

The Wauregan company is having its tenements painted again. Every few years each house is repainted, which accounts in no small measure for the cleanliness and neatness of the village.

Mrs. Thomas Hughes has bought the property formerly owned by Louis Menster, situated in West Wauregan.

A number of berry pickers are going from here to Oneco to pick as there seems to be an overabundance of large berries in that locality.

The storm of Saturday afternoon blew limbs from some of the trees here, one falling across the road and trolley track in front of the mill, causing some delay in traffic.

GARDNER LAKE

The Brotherhood camp, who enjoyed ten days here, have returned to their homes in New York.

Mrs. Daniel Marra visited her son at the Backus hospital Tuesday and found him as comfortable as could be expected after an operation on his ankle.

Gilbert and Grant Denison of Norwich are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ethel Lathrop.

Miss Lois V. Lathrop of Norwich is a guest at Camp Konjockey.

Miss Alden Lewis of Norwich and J. F. Moulton are at Hill Top.

Miss Ethel Champlin of Hartford is visiting her mother, Mrs. Ella Champlin.

Miss Jeanette Schorr and Clarence Walker of Brooklyn, N. Y., returned home after visiting Miss Schorr's sister, Mrs. Norman D. Boynton.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo The Leese are at Oak Tree house.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl De Wolf of Scotland road and Mr. Ahern returned home Thursday. Mr. De Wolf and Mr. Ahern completed haying at the Lake House farm.

A community service at the M. E. church Sunday was well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Chop have returned to Brooklyn after two weeks' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Merton Johnson and son of Norwich and Mrs. Fitch Johnson are at Idle Hour cottage for several days.

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Write today for this valuable medicine, send 10 cents to pay postage and we will send by mail only a sealed package sufficient for one week's treatment.

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The Famous Elvita Remedies sold at all first-class drug stores.—Adv.

CLARK'S FALLS

About 4 o'clock Saturday morning lightning struck the chapel. The bolt, which seemed to have struck in the peak in front, entered the building, splintering a rafter badly, then ran down into the wood room, tearing off plastering, also tearing clapboards off around a window near the door. It also broke a pane of glass, making a large hole in the ground under the window. Casius Collins, who was abed in the house nearest the chapel, looked out of the window and saw flashes and splinters flying in every direction.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Babcock of West-erly visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Babcock, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCall of West-erly visited Mr. McCall's sister, Mrs. John Maine, Sunday.

Bradford Perrin of Boston is staying for a few days in rooms here of his brother-in-law, George Brown of West-erly, who was here over Sunday.

Postmaster E. D. Chapman, who has had fine dahlias for several years, has some already in bloom. He has many other beautiful flowers, including climbing roses.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Frank Palmer, also Mr. and Mrs. Allan Maine and son Robert were at Atlantic Beach last Friday and enjoyed the day with other employees of the Ashaway Line and Twine company.

ASHFORD

The big storm of Saturday last made it impossible to hold the evening meeting of the Ashford Welfare association as planned.



All Young Men—16 to 80

would be more comfortable on hot summer days in a Keep-Kool Summer Suit. Light in weight—smart in style—correct in tailoring. Keep-Kool is more than a trade-mark name—it is the hall mark of quality in fashion and fabric. The local Keep-Kool dealer has styles for men and young men of every age and build—and in every fashionable color ranging from light washable patterns to rich dark effects. Be sure your Summer Suit bears the Keep-Kool label—then you'll know you have the best.

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Opposite Chelsea Savings Bank

ASHWILLETT

Farmers have nearly finished haying. Dewey Taylor of North Stonington was a recent caller in this place. There was a large attendance at the auction held at Otto Anderson's, near Glasgow, Tuesday.

Mrs. D. S. Guile and children spent Monday evening with Mrs. A. Ray Bui-ton, of Glasgow.

A barn near the home of D. R. Vargason was struck by lightning during

Saturday's storm and burned to the ground, nothing in the barn was saved. Among the contents was a nearly new team wagon belonging to Mr. Vargason. Fred Schultz is helping Jesse Richmond with his work.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

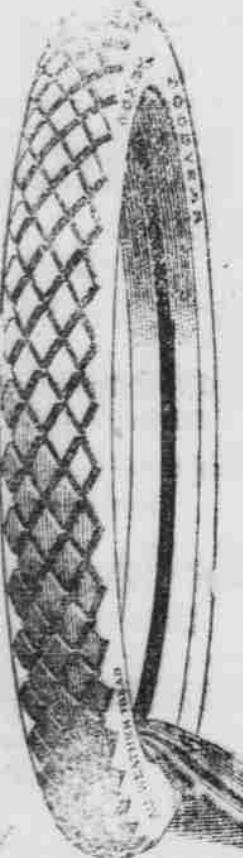
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A well built tire yields much more mileage for each dollar of cost than a tire purposely made to be offered at a sensationally low price; buy the tire, not the price.

Built to deliver exceptional mileage at exceedingly low cost, Goodyear Tires, of the 30 x 3, 30 x 3½ and 31 x 4-inch sizes, save inconvenience, disappointment and money.

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are missing for breakfast, Pa and I raise a row with Ma— says Bobby

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THREE CHANGES of trains.
INCLUDING A ride.
ON A dinky little.
NARROW GAUGE line.
THEN FORTY miles more.
IN A River.
TILL THE country road.
PETERED OUT, and stopped.
THEN BY canoe.
THROUGH wooded streams.
TILL FINALLY at the lake.
I MET my guide.
AND WE made camp.
THE GUIDE was native born.
A CHILD of the wilderness.
WISE in wood lore.
AND THE craft of camps.
BUT ABLE neither.
TO WRITE nor read.
BUT WHEN at night.
BY THE camp fire.
THERE IN the heart.
OF THE "forest primeval."
AND A hundred miles.
FROM HAUNTS of men.
I GAVE him one.
OF MY cigarettes.
HE LIT it, drew deep.
SMILED AND said.
"THEY SATISFY."

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